

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 1.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1833.

The present has been termed with much propriety a reading age, and the encouragement so extensively afforded to the republication of European Literature in this country, induces us to believe that choice selections from the best writings of both countries will receive a proportionate share of public patronage.

Practically operating on this opinion, we have made arrangements for issuing a volume half-yearly to be entitled "Literary Gems," which will contain the best selections from the standard and floating Literature of the day, with extracts from works of established reputation, and a proportion of Poetry, Anecdotes, and Notitia.

Each volume will contain one hundred numbers of medium quarto, comprising nearly four hundred pages, or twelve hundred columns at the very low price of Two Dollars.

With an attention to the convenience of purchasers, we have, instead of receiving subscriptions, adopted the London method of sale, by which plan either one or one hundred numbers may be taken, at the option of the purchaser.

From three to four numbers will be issued weekly, and if sufficient encouragement is received, five and even six numbers, by which arrangement the public will be in possession of a daily journal of elegant, interesting and useful Literature, at two cents each number; and to those who may prefer receiving the work in a more advanced state, every six numbers will be stitched in a neat wrapper, and constitute a part, at the price of 12½ cents only.

With this introduction we have now the pleasure of presenting our first number, with the assurance that if the patronage extended will warrant the expense necessarily incurred in an undertaking of this nature, no exertions on our part shall be wanting to render this one of the best and cheapest publications ever offered in the United States.

The numbers and parts may be had at 205 Broadway, 16 Merchants' Exchange, and at the different Book-stores.

The "Literary Gems" will be forwarded on the receipt of letters, post paid, and containing an order for cash payments in New York.

N. B. A liberal discount to wholesale purchasers.

LOVE AND WAR.

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so close they round thee come;
Closer still they will enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March! one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.
Oh! what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, if wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them, about her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
Lay their war-crests down and die?
There! I see thy soul is burning;
Sine herself, who clasp thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go!
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear, and then—
March! nor rest thy sword till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Moore.

ROYAL APARTMENTS.

BOUDOIR AND RECEPTION ROOM OF THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

Having a letter of introduction from an Attache of the Belgian Embassy at Paris to an officer of the Household in Brussels, I availed myself of the opportunity it gave me of inspecting the Royal Palace.—Leopold and his Queen were at Laeven, and the private apartments were open to my curiosity. The palace remains in the same condition as when I saw it last (on the marriage of the Prince of Orange) dull and heavy in its style: the only difference in the state chamber is, that the cypher of the present monarch is every where substituted for that of William; but as all royal residences are much alike, and the Palace at Brussels presents nothing particular except its tapestry, I shall proceed at once to the apartments of the Queen.

The Reception-room opens from the grand stair case, and was formerly called the gobelin drawing room. Its appearance is as much changed as the name; instead of walls covered with the wonders of the loom, they are now hung with blue silk, fluted from a deep silver cornice, which produces a chaste but elegant effect: the couches and chairs are of embossed velvet of the same colour, framed in silver and blue, *en suite*. Between the windows are three rich mosaic tables—the centre on a fac simile of the celebrated 'Victory in her car,' executed for Napoleon, and now in the Louvre. In recesses on each side of the entrance to the apartment are two magnificent cabinets, one of ivory, the other of tortoise-shell, richly inlaid, and evidently antiques; the first bears, in several parts of the workmanship, the arms of the elder Bourbons. Both cabinets are surmounted by a bust—one of Louis Philippe, the other of Leopold. Under glasses are several models; two of them—the Hotel de Ville in Brussels and the Tuileries—are in dead silver. The effect is most exquisite. They were presents, the attendant informed me, from her Majesty's brothers, on their first visit to Belgium after her marriage. One object in this splendid apartment I certainly did covet: a chess-table, the squares composed of alternate pieces of lapez lazuli and white cornelian, set in a massive frame of carved ebony;—the men ready drawn for battle were upon the table; they were Indian, and enriched with gold and small diamonds, but defended from the vulgar touch by a case of glass. There are many other articles of vertu throughout the apartment. There were four pictures in the room:—one a Virgin in glory, painted on marble, by Parmigiano; two exquisite landscapes by Claude; and an imperial triumph, by Le Brun, much in the style of his entry of Alexander, in the gallery at the Louvre.

The Boudoir adjoins the Reception Room, and is in most perfect French mode—light, elegant, and worthy of a Queen. The walls were covered with draperies of white silk, and mirrors, placed alternately; the tables of Parian marble were ornamented with vases of Sevres filled with flowers. The richness of this apartment did not in the slightest degree detract from its simplicity; the effect was chaste and beautiful. In the centre of the room was a large musnud, richly embroidered in the oriental style; near it stood a harp. Leopold, I was told, frequently accompanied his Queen on the flute; from having heard him some years since, at Raby Castle, I can myself bear witness that he is no mean amateur. The toilette requires a female pen to do it justice: the variety of glass cases in pearl and filagree, its magnificent stands for scents in gold and crystal, would, I doubt not, have excited the admiration of the beau sexe; I only wondered. This costly

appendage of female beauty was placed between two windows, the draperies and curtains of which were composed of Brussels lace; the basons and utensils for lavatory purposes were all of silver gilt, and bore the Belgian crown and lion. Upon a couch lay a gold chain and etui case, which my fair countrywomen may remember, perhaps, as an ornament once worn by their grandmothers; it is now extremely fashionable in the north of Europe. The bath, which adjoins the boudoir, is of marble and plate glass; the ceiling represents Diana and her Nymphs; in the centre of the room is a sarcophagus of marble, supported by four lions couchant. The various pipes are conveyed through them; when used, a rose coloured silk curtain draws round and forms a complete tent. I peeped into the state bed chamber, *en passant*, and observed that the canopy and curtains were of purple velvet, relieved with gold; the coverlid of point lace over satin.—*London, paper.*

THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

Abridged from "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

Jemmy McEvoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballysogarth, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middle-man. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable to the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh. The morning came: it was dark and cloudy, but calm, without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity, which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—'It's right,' said he, 'that we should all go to our knees, and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intinon.—He won't thrive the worse becase the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endayvours.'

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending.—When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 1.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1833.

The present has been termed with much propriety a reading age, and the encouragement so extensively afforded to the republication of European Literature in this country, induces us to believe that choice selections from the best writings of both countries will receive a proportionate share of public patronage.

Practically operating on this opinion, we have made arrangements for issuing a volume half-yearly to be entitled "Literary Gems," which will contain the best selections from the standard and floating Literature of the day, with extracts from works of established reputation, and a proportion of Poetry, Anecdotes, and Notitia.

Each volume will contain one hundred numbers of medium quarto, comprising nearly four hundred pages, or twelve hundred columns at the very low price of Two Dollars.

With an attention to the convenience of purchasers, we have, instead of receiving subscriptions, adopted the London method of sale, by which plan either one or one hundred numbers may be taken, at the option of the purchaser.

From three to four numbers will be issued weekly, and if sufficient encouragement is received, five and even six numbers, by which arrangement the public will be in possession of a daily journal of elegant, interesting and useful Literature, at two cents each number; and to those who may prefer receiving the work in a more advanced state, every six numbers will be stitched in a neat wrapper, and constitute a part, at the price of 12½ cents only.

With this introduction we have now the pleasure of presenting our first number, with the assurance that if the patronage extended will warrant the expense necessarily incurred in an undertaking of this nature, no exertions on our part shall be wanting to render this one of the best and cheapest publications ever offered in the United States.

The numbers and parts may be had at 205 Broadway, 16 Merchants' Exchange, and at the different Book-stores.

The "Literary Gems" will be forwarded on the receipt of letters, post paid, and containing an order for cash payments in New York.

N. B. A liberal discount to wholesale purchasers.

LOVE AND WAR.

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so close they round thee come;
Closer still they will enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March! one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.
Oh! what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, if wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them, about her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
Lay their war-crests down and die?
There! I see thy soul is burning;
Sine herself, who clasp thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go!
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear, and then—
March! nor rest thy sword till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Moore.

ROYAL APARTMENTS.

BOUDOIR AND RECEPTION ROOM OF THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

Having a letter of introduction from an Attache of the Belgian Embassy at Paris to an officer of the Household in Brussels, I availed myself of the opportunity it gave me of inspecting the Royal Palace.—Leopold and his Queen were at Laeven, and the private apartments were open to my curiosity. The palace remains in the same condition as when I saw it last (on the marriage of the Prince of Orange) dull and heavy in its style: the only difference in the state chamber is, that the cypher of the present monarch is every where substituted for that of William; but as all royal residences are much alike, and the Palace at Brussels presents nothing particular except its tapestry, I shall proceed at once to the apartments of the Queen.

The Reception-room opens from the grand stair case, and was formerly called the gobelin drawing room. Its appearance is as much changed as the name; instead of walls covered with the wonders of the loom, they are now hung with blue silk, fluted from a deep silver cornice, which produces a chaste but elegant effect: the couches and chairs are of embossed velvet of the same colour, framed in silver and blue, *en suite*. Between the windows are three rich mosaic tables—the centre on a fac simile of the celebrated 'Victory in her car,' executed for Napoleon, and now in the Louvre. In recesses on each side of the entrance to the apartment are two magnificent cabinets, one of ivory, the other of tortoise-shell, richly inlaid, and evidently antiques; the first bears, in several parts of the workmanship, the arms of the elder Bourbons. Both cabinets are surmounted by a bust—one of Louis Philippe, the other of Leopold. Under glasses are several models; two of them—the Hotel de Ville in Brussels and the Tuileries—are in dead silver. The effect is most exquisite. They were presents, the attendant informed me, from her Majesty's brothers, on their first visit to Belgium after her marriage. One object in this splendid apartment I certainly did covet: a chess-table, the squares composed of alternate pieces of lapez lazuli and white cornelian, set in a massive frame of carved ebony;—the men ready drawn for battle were upon the table; they were Indian, and enriched with gold and small diamonds, but defended from the vulgar touch by a case of glass. There are many other articles of vertu throughout the apartment. There were four pictures in the room:—one a Virgin in glory, painted on marble, by Parmigiano; two exquisite landscapes by Claude; and an imperial triumph, by Le Brun, much in the style of his entry of Alexander, in the gallery at the Louvre.

The Boudoir adjoins the Reception Room, and is in most perfect French mode—light, elegant, and worthy of a Queen. The walls were covered with draperies of white silk, and mirrors, placed alternately; the tables of Parian marble were ornamented with vases of Sevres filled with flowers. The richness of this apartment did not in the slightest degree detract from its simplicity; the effect was chaste and beautiful. In the centre of the room was a large musnud, richly embroidered in the oriental style; near it stood a harp. Leopold, I was told, frequently accompanied his Queen on the flute; from having heard him some years since, at Raby Castle, I can myself bear witness that he is no mean amateur. The toilette requires a female pen to do it justice: the variety of glass cases in pearl and filagree, its magnificent stands for scents in gold and crystal, would, I doubt not, have excited the admiration of the beau sexe; I only wondered. This costly

appendage of female beauty was placed between two windows, the draperies and curtains of which were composed of Brussels lace; the basons and utensils for lavatory purposes were all of silver gilt, and bore the Belgian crown and lion. Upon a couch lay a gold chain and etui case, which my fair countrywomen may remember, perhaps, as an ornament once worn by their grandmothers; it is now extremely fashionable in the north of Europe. The bath, which adjoins the boudoir, is of marble and plate glass; the ceiling represents Diana and her Nymphs; in the centre of the room is a sarcophagus of marble, supported by four lions couchant. The various pipes are conveyed through them; when used, a rose coloured silk curtain draws round and forms a complete tent. I peeped into the state bed chamber, *en passant*, and observed that the canopy and curtains were of purple velvet, relieved with gold; the coverlid of point lace over satin.—*London, paper.*

THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

Abridged from "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

Jemmy McEvoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballysogarth, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middle-man. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable to the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh. The morning came: it was dark and cloudy, but calm, without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity, which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—'It's right,' said he, 'that we should all go to our knees, and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intinon.—He won't thrive the worse becase the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endayvours.'

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending.—When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his

eyes, craved humbly and meekly the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbours who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and, first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education.

The poor scholar, in the course of his journey, had the satisfaction of finding himself an object of kind and hospitable attention to his countrymen. His satchel of books was literally a passport to their hearts. For instance, as he wended his solitary way, depressed and travel-worn, he was frequently accosted by labourers from behind a ditch on the road-side, and after giving a brief history of the object he had in view, brought, if it was dinner hour, to some farm-house or cabin, where he was made to partake of their meal. Many, in fact, were the little marks of kindness and attention which the poor lad received on his way. Sometimes a ragged peasant, if he happened to be his fellow-traveller, would carry his satchel so long as they travelled together; or a carman would give him a lift on his empty car; or some humorous postillion, or tipsy 'shay-boy,' with a comical leer in his eye, would shove him into his vehicle.

Arriving at Munster, Jemmy, by the kindness of the curate, was introduced to the master of a school in the most favourable manner. He returned that day to his lodgings, and the next morning with his Latin Grammar under his arm, he went to school to taste the first bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge. On entering it, which he did with a beating heart, he found the despot of a hundred subjects sitting behind a desk, with his hat on, a brow superciliously severe, and his nose crimped into a most cutting and vinegar curl. The truth was, the master knew the character of the curate, and felt that, because he had taken Jemmy under his protection, no opportunity remained for him of fleeing the boy, under the pretence of securing his money, and that, consequently, the arrival of the poor scholar would be no windfall, as he had expected. When Jemmy entered, he looked first at the master; but the master, who verified the proverb that there are none so blind as those who will not see, took no notice whatsoever of him. The boy then looked timidly about the school in quest of a friendly face, and indeed, few faces except friendly ones were turned upon him.

The master now made inquiry how he was to be paid for the education he was to confer, and Jemmy explained that he had money to pay for two years. — 'Now I persave you have decency,' said the barefaced knave. 'Here is your task. Get that half page by heart.' You have a cute look, and I've no doubt but the stuff's in you. Come to me after dismissal, 'till we have a little talk together.' Jemmy was, however, put on his guard by a boy named Thady; and so he was prepared against the designs of the master. During school-hours that day, many a warm-hearted urchin entered into conversation with the poor scholar; some moved by curiosity to hear his brief and simple history; others anxious to offer him a temporary asylum in their fathers' houses; and several of them to know if he had the requisite books, assuring him that if he had not, they would lend them to him. These proofs of artless generosity touched the homeless youth's heart more acutely, inasmuch as he could perceive but too clearly that the eye of the master rested upon him from time to time with no auspicious glance. When the scholars were dismissed, a scene occurred which was calculated to produce a smile, although it certainly placed the scholar in a predicament by no means agreeable. It resulted from a contest among the boys

as to who should first bring him home. A battle ensued, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a little pair of fists present that were not at work either on behalf of the two first combatants, or with a view to determine their own private rights in being the first to exercise hospitality towards the amazed poor scholar. The fact was, that while the two largest boys were arguing the point, about thirty or forty minor disputes all ran parallel to theirs, and their modes of decision was immediately adopted by the pugnacious urchins of the school. In this manner they were engaged, poor Jemmy attempting to tranquilize and separate them, when the master, armed in all his terrors presented himself.

With the tact of a sly old disciplinarian, he first secured the door, and instantly commenced the agreeable task of promiscuous castigation. Heavy and vindictive did his arm descend upon those whom he suspected to have cautioned the boy against his rapacity; nor amongst the warm-hearted lads whom he thwacked so cunningly, was Thady passed over with a tender hand. Springs, bouncings, doublings, blowing of fingers, scratching of heads, and rubbing of elbows—shouts of pain, and doleful exclamations, accompanied by action that displayed surpassing agility—marked the effect with which he plied the instrument of punishment. In the meantime, the spirit of reaction, to use a modern phrase, began to set in. The master, while thus engaged in dispensing justice, first received a rather vigorous thwack on the ear from behind, by an anonymous contributor, who gifted him with what is called a musical ear, for it sang during five minutes afterwards. The monarch, when turning round to ascertain the traitor, received another insult on the most indefensible side, and that with a cordiality of manner that induced him to send his right hand a reconnoitering the invaded part. He wheeled round a second time with more alacrity than before; but nothing less than the head of Janus could have secured him on the occasion. The anonymous contributor sent him a fresh article. This was supported by another kick behind; the turf began to fly; one after another came in contact with his head and shoulders so rapidly, that he found himself, instead of being the assailant, actually placed upon his defence. The insurrection spread, the turf flew more thickly; his subjects closed in upon him in a more compact body; every little fist itched to be at him; the larger boys boldly laid in the facers, punched him in the stomach, treated him most opprobriously behind, every kick and cuff accompanied by a memento of his cruelty; in short, they compelled him, like Charles the Tenth, ignominiously to fly from his dominions.

On finding the throne vacant, some of them suggested that it ought to be overturned altogether. Thady, however, who was the ringleader of the rebellion, persuaded them to be satisfied with what they had accomplished, and consequently succeeded in preventing them from destroying the fixtures.

Again they surrounded the poor scholar, who, feeling himself the cause of the insurrection, appeared an object of much pity. Such was his grief that he could scarcely reply to them. Their consolation on witnessing his distress was overwhelming; they desired him to think nothing of it; if the master, they told him, should wreak his resentment on him, 'be the holy farmer, they would pay the master.' Thady's claim was now undisputed; with only the injury of a black eye, and a lip swelled to the size of a sausage, he walked home in triumph, the poor scholar accompanying him.

PORCELAIN.—The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine sand from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added

as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it, when exposed to a full red heat, a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze; and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low, perhaps, as any on the list. The china works at Derby came the next in date; then those of Worcester, established in 1751; and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighborhood of Newcastle, in Staffordshire, and other parts of that county. The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the grey disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county; by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar, is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients, to the amount of about 15 per cent, and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.—*Repository of patent Inventions.*

THE WATER-SPOUT.

The following story is related by a Christian renegade to the Pasha of Egypt, in whose service he was employed as *musamir*, or fabulist:—

We had gained to the northward of the Bahama Isles, and were standing to the westward before a light breeze, when early one morning several water spouts were observed to be forming in various directions. It was my watch below, but as I had never seen one of these curious phenomena of nature, I went on deck to indulge my curiosity.

'Pray what is a waterspout?' inquired the Pasha; I never heard of one before.'

'A waterspout, your Highness, is the ascent of a large body of water into the clouds—one of those gigantic operations by which nature, apparently without effort, accomplishes her will, pointing out to man the insignificance of his most vaunted undertakings.'

'Humph! that's a waterspout, is it?' replied the Pasha; 'I'm about as wise as before.'

'I will describe it more clearly to your Highness, for there is no one who has a better right to know what a waterspout is, than myself.'

A black cloud was over our heads, and we perceived that for some time it was rapidly descending. The main body then remained stationary, and a certain portion of it continued bellying down until it had assumed the form of an enormous jelly-bag. From the end of this bag a thin wiry black tongue of vapour continued to descend until it had arrived half way between the cloud and the sea. The water beneath then ruffled on its surface, increasing its agitation more and more until it boiled and bubbled like a large cauldron, throwing its foam aside in every direction. In a few minutes a small spiral thread of water was perceived to rise into the air, and meet the tongue which had wooed it from the cloud. When the union had taken place, the thread increased each moment in its size, until it was swelled into a column of water several feet in diameter, which continued to supply the thirsty cloud until it was satiated and could drink more. It then broke, the sea became smooth as before, and the messenger of heaven flew away upon the wings of the wind, to dispense its burthen over the parched earth in refreshing and fertilizing showers.

While I was standing on the taffrail in admiration of this wonderful resource of nature, the main boom gibed and struck me with such force, that I was thrown into the sea. Another waterspout forming close to

the vessel, the captain and crew were alarmed and made all sail to escape without regarding me; for they were aware that if it was to break over them, they would be sent to the bottom with its enormous weight. I had scarcely risen to the surface, when I perceived that the water was in agitation round me, and all my efforts to swim from the spot were unavailing, for I was within the circle of attraction. Thus was I left to my fate, and convinced that I could not swim for many minutes, I swallowed the salt water as fast as I could, that my struggles might sooner be over.

But as the sea boiled up, I found myself gradually drawn more to the centre, and when exactly in it, I was raised in a sitting posture upon the spiral thread of water, which, as I explained to your Highness, forced itself upwards to join the tongue protruded by the cloud. There I sat, each second rising higher and higher, balanced like the gilt ball of pith, which is borne up by the vertical stream of the fountain which plays in the inner court of your Highness's palace. I cast my eyes down, and perceived the vessel not far off, the captain and crew holding up their eyes in amazement at the extraordinary spectacle.

'I don't wonder at that,' observed the Pasha.

I soon reached the tongue of the cloud, which appeared as if impatient to receive me—the hair of my head first coming within its attractive powers was raised straight on end—then seized as it were and twisted round. I was dragged up by it each moment with increased velocity, as I whirled round in my ascent. At last I found myself safely landed, and sat down to recover my breath which I had nearly lost for ever.

'And, pray, where did you sit, Huckaback?'

'On the cloud, your Highness.'

'Holy prophet! What a cloud bear your weight?'

'If your Highness will call to mind that at the same time the cloud took up several tons of water, you cannot be surprised at its supporting me.'

'Very true,' replied the Pasha. 'This is a wonderful story, but before you go on, I wish to know what the cloud was made of.'

'That is rather difficult to explain to your Highness. I can only compare it to a wet blanket. I found it excessively cold and damp, and caught a rheumatism while I was there, which I feel to this day.'

When the cloud was saturated, the column divided, and we rapidly ascended until the cold became intense. We passed a rainbow as we skimmed along, and I was very much surprised that the key of my chest and my clasp knife, forced themselves through the cloth of my jacket, and flew with great velocity towards it, fixing themselves firmly to the violet rays, from which I discovered that those peculiar rays were magnetic. I mentioned this curious circumstance to an English lady whom I met on her travels, and I have since learnt that she has communicated the fact to the learned societies as a discovery of her own. However, as she is a very pretty woman, I forgive her. Anxious to look down upon the earth, I poked a hole with my finger through the bottom of the cloud, and was astonished to perceive how rapidly it was spinning round. We had risen so high as to be out of the sphere of its attraction, and in consequence remained stationary. I had been up about six hours, and although I was close to the coast of America when I ascended, I could perceive that the Cape of Good Hope was just heaving in sight. I was enabled to form a good idea of the structure of the globe, for at that immense height I could see to the very bottom of the Atlantic ocean. Depend upon it, your Highness, if you wish to discover more than other people can, it is necessary to be 'up in the clouds.'

'Very true,' replied the Pasha, 'but go on.'

'I was very much interested in the chemical process of turning the salt water into fresh, which was going on with great rapidity while I was there. Per-

haps your Highness would like me to explain it, as it will not occupy your attention more than an hour.'

'No, no, skip that, Huckaback, and go on.'

But as soon as I had gratified my curiosity, I began to be alarmed at my situation, not so much on account of the means of supporting existence, for there was more than sufficient.

'More than sufficient! Why, what could you have to eat?'

Plenty of fresh fish your Highness, which had been taken up in the column of water at the same I was, and the fresh water already lay in little pools around me. But the cold was dreadful, and I felt that I could not support it many hours longer, and how to get down again was a problem which I could not solve.

It was however soon solved for me, for the cloud having completed its chemical labours, descended as rapidly as it had risen, and joined many others, who were engaged in sharp conflict. As I beheld them darting against each other, and discharging the electric fluid in the violence of their collision, I was filled with trepidation and dismay, lest meeting an adversary, I should be hurled into the abyss below, or be withered by the artillery of heaven. But I was fortunate enough to escape. The cloud which bore me descended to within a hundred yards of the earth, and then was hurried along with such velocity and noise, that I perceived we were assisting at a hurricane.

As we neared the earth, the cloud, unable to resist the force of its attraction, was compelled to deliver up its burthen, and down I fell, with such torrents of water, that it reminded me of the deluge. The tornado was now in all its strength. The wind roared and shrieked in its wild fury, and such was its force that I fell in an acute angle.

'What did you fall in?' interrupted the Pasha. 'I don't know what that is.'

'I fell in a slanting direction, your Highness, describing the hypothenuse between the base and perpendicular, created by the force of the wind, and the attraction of gravitation.'

'Holy Prophet! who can understand such stuff?'

Speak plain, do you laugh at our beads?'

'Min Allah! Heaven forbid! Your servant would indeed eat dirt,' replied Huckaback.

I meant to imply that so powerful was the wind, it almost bore me up, and when I first struck the water, which I did upon the summit of a wave, I bounded off again and ricocheted several times from one wave to another, like the shot fired from a gun along the surface of the sea, or the oyster shell skimmed over the lake by the truant child. The last bound that I gave pitched me into the rigging of a small vessel on her beam ends, and I hardly had time to fetch my breath before she turned over. I scrambled up her bends, and fixed myself astride upon her keel.

There I remained for two or three hours, when the hurricane was exhausted from its own violence. The clouds disappeared, the sun burst out in all its splendor, the sea recovered its tranquility, and nature seemed as if she was maliciously smiling at her own mischief. The land was close to me, and the vessel drifted on shore. I found that I was at the Isle of France, having in the course of twelve hours thus miraculously shifted my position from one side of the globe unto the other. I found the island in a sad state of devastation; the labour of years had been destroyed in the fury of an hour—the crops were swept away—the houses were levelled to the ground—the vessels in fragments on the beach—all was misery and desolation. I was however kindly received by my countrymen, who were the inhabitants of the isle, and in four-and-twenty hours we all danced and sang as before. I invented a very pretty quadrille, called the Hurricane, which threw the whole island into an ecstacy, and recompensed them for all their sufferings.

But I was anxious to return home, and a Dutch vessel proceeding straight to Marseilles, I thought myself fortunate to obtain a passage upon the same terms as those which had enabled me to quit the West Indies. We sailed, but before we had been twenty-four hours at sea, I found that the captain was a violent man, and a most dreadful tyrant. I was not very strong, and not being able to perform the duty before the mast, to which I had not been accustomed, I was beat so unmercifully, that I was debating in my mind, whether I should kill the captain and then jump overboard, or submit to my hard fate; but one night as I lay groaning on the forecabin after a punishment I had received from the captain, which incapacitated me from further duty, an astonishing circumstance occurred which was the occasion, not only of my embracing the Mahomedan religion, but of making use of those expressions which attracted your Highness's attention when you passed in disguise. 'Why am I thus ever to be persecuted?' exclaimed I in despair. As I uttered these words, a venerable personage, in a flowing beard, and a book in his hand, appeared before me, and answered me.

'Because, Huckaback, you have not embraced the true faith.'

'What is the true faith?' inquired I, in fear and amazement.

'There is but one God,' replied he, 'and I am his Prophet.'

'Merciful Allah!' exclaimed the Pasha, 'why, it must have been Mahomed himself.'

'It was so your Highness, although I knew it not at the time.'

'Prove unto me that it is the true faith,' said I.

'I will,' replied he; 'I will turn the heart of the infidel captain,' and he disappeared. The next day the captain of the vessel came to me as I lay on the forecabin, and begging my pardon for the cruelty that he had been guilty of, shed tears over me, and ordered me to be carried to his cabin. He laid me in his own bed, and watched me as he would a favourite child. In a short time I recovered; after which he would permit me to do no duty, but insisted upon my being his guest, and loaded me with every kindness.

'God is great!' ejaculated the Pasha.

I was lying in my bed, meditating upon these things, when the venerable form again appeared to me.

'Art thou convinced?'

'I am,' replied I.

'Then prove it by submitting to the law the moment that you are able. You shall be rewarded—not at once, but when your faith has been proved. Mark me, follow your profession on the seas, and, when once you find yourself sitting in the Divan at Cairo, with two people originally of the same profession as yourself, without others being present, and have made this secret known, then you shall be appointed to the command of the Pasha's fleet, which under your directions shall always meet with success. Such shall be the reward of your fidelity.'

It is now four years that I have embraced the true faith, and sinking under poverty, I was induced to make use of the exclamation that your Highness heard; for how can I ever hope to meet two barbers at the Divan without others being present?

'Holy Prophet! how strange. Why Mustapha was a barber, and so was I,' cried the Pasha.

'God is great!' answered the renegade, prostrating himself. 'Then I command your fleet?'

'From this hour,' replied the Pasha. 'Mustapha, make known my wishes.'

'The present in command,' replied Mustapha, who was not a dupe to the wily renegade, 'is a favourite with the men.'

'Then send for him and take off his head. Is he to interfere with the commands of Mahomed?'

The Vizier bowed, and the Pasha quitted the Divan.

The renegade, with a smile upon his lips, and Mustapha with astonishment, looked at each other for a few seconds; 'You have a great talent, Selim,' observed the Vizier.

'Thanks to your introduction, and to my own invention, it will at last be called into action. Recollect, Vizier, that I am grateful—you understand me;' and the renegade quitted the Divan, leaving Mustapha still in his astonishment.

ST. VALERIE.

Raised on the rocky barriers of the sea,
Stands thy dark convent, fair St. Valerie!
Lone, like an eagle's nest, the pine-trees tall
Throw their long shadows on the dusky wall,
Where never sound is heard, save the wild sweep
Of mountain waters rushing to the deep,
The tempest's midnight song, the battle cry
Of warring winds, like armies met on high,
And in a silent hour the convent chime,
And sometimes, at the quiet evening time,
A vesper song—those tones, so pure, so sweet,
When airs of earth and words of heaven do meet!
Sad is the legend of that young saint's doom!
When the spring rose was in its May of bloom,
The storm was darkening; at that sweet hour
When hands beloved had rear'd her nuptial bower,
The pestilence came o'er the land, and he
With whom her heart was, died that very morn—
Her bridal morn!—Alas! that there should be
Such evils ever for affections born!
She shrank away from earth to solitude,
As the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain.
Life had no ties—she turned her unto heaven,
And on the steep rock rear'd her holy fane.
It has an air of sadness, as just meet
For the so broken heart's last lone retreat!
A portrait here has still preserved each charm:
I saw it one bright evening when the warm
Last glow of sunset shed its crimson ray
O'er the lovely image.—She was fair
As those most radiant spirits of the air
Whose life is amid flowers: like the day,
The golden summer day, her glossy hair
Fell o'er a brow of Indian ivory;
Her cheek was pale, and in her large dark eye
There was a thought of sorrow, and her brow
Upon one small white hand leant pensively,
As if to hide her tears—the other prest
A silver crucifix upon her breast.
I ne'er saw sadness so touching as in thee,
And thy lone look, oh! fair St. Valerie.

L. E. L.

READINESS IN SPEAKING.

It is extremely vexatious to see the triumphant air of superiority with which the common-place carry it at feasts and convivial meetings, over men fifty times beyond them in knowledge and attainments. However shy and retiring an individual may be, he can scarcely hope to glide through life without being now and then hooked in to dine at some grand entertainment; and when he gets his health drunk by accident, he would give all that he is worth as a mathematician, a poet, or an artist, to be able "to say something," (if it were only half-a-dozen poor sentences) without stammering or looking pale. Oh, the horror and trepidation that we have witnessed when some fifty or sixty faces in a public room have turned upon a young rhymester, whose modest labours had been well received by the town—one, too, who could talk by the hour delightfully in colloquy, but whose faculties seem-

ed to desert him during the fearful prelude, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" At length came the speech in an energetic under tone, eloquent, (though nobody heard a word of it) and delivered with a most expressive rocking of the body, and grasping of the edge of the dinner table. The laborious, solemn foolery of speech-making, is carried to too great excess in this country; it substitutes a formal and affected parade for a genial cordiality; it drives early away the modest and nervous, who do not court the dangerous honor of having their health drunk; and it gives the quack, who has been conning his good things for the week past, opportunity to gain the applause of *extempore* wit. What poor things are the speeches one generally hears—such as are real and *bona fide* made and delivered on the spot! What a tissue of sounding phrases and trite remark! Yet this is the power which men of genius at once disdain and envy. There are few authors, even of those most rapid in composition, who speak well. Sir Walter Scott seems to have been a tolerable hand, but he was much in public; a prose-man and a party-man, as well as a poet, he could not open his mouth upon a more fertile argument than against the success of the Whigs or Radicals. Byron, it is known, made one attempt in the House of Peers, which he never repeated, failing either through modesty, or from conceit, which is sometimes very much like it, or from want of having his heart in his subject. The difficulty is not to find words where the matter is of urgent interest; at times every man becomes bold and eloquent; and in vindicating a friend against foul aspersions, or in clearing his own character from unfounded charges, the most timid would speak out before the assembled world. Applause or censure of his performance is of small moment to him on such an occasion—he is content to stammer out truths as he finds them; and, earnest in his matter, his manner unconsciously improves. But in getting up a speech for the nonce, at a dinner, for instance, the same man may be grievously baffled. If his health be drunk, he has shrewd misgivings that the company rather propose to themselves amusement at his awkwardness than entertain any serious wishes on the subject of their toast. His thoughts are led a hundred miles astray from the innocuous common places which he ought to utter—to speculate upon the malice of mankind. This leads him to the doctrine of original sin, and he will hardly get back in time for the business in hand, if he suspects any of the party are secretly laughing at him. It is hard that a task which brings no credit when it is well executed, should be so mortifying in the failure. But the confusion of ideas occasioned by the sight of a number of strange human faces, turned upon an individual who feels himself for the first time assuming the oratorical tone, can hardly be conceived by those who are inured to public life. We have known some who want nerve to deliver even the commonest announcement to a crowded assembly; conceive, then, the condition of a man, who, with a great deal of self-love to gratify and dignity to maintain, is conscious of having neither matter nor words, and thus is in imminent danger of committing nonsense. For a glib speech there is no one like your member of a corporation—no reader or thinker, but a diner, a man of large acquaintance, and a perpetual talker. He courts the opportunity of displaying the neatness of his oratory—he is discursive at will, and fears not to wind up at leisure, and much to his own satisfaction. If thinking well may be said to advance the interests of the world, talking well is that which puts the man forward. Manner is the grand secret of the influence and prosperity of some whose intrinsic intellectual merits would place them very low in the scale of society; and there is no doubt that those talents are by far the most profitable which the possessor can bring instantly into play, and consequently reap the present reward of. The author has to wait months, nay sometimes years, for the praise of his

cleverness; and in society, either through an unprepossessing person, or an inelegant address, is often totally overlooked. If he have written a romance, the young ladies are not satisfied with him unless he is young, slim, and irreproachable on the score of his whiskers. They are disappointed if he reply to a common question in common language, and cry, "Dear me, can this be Mr. —?" They set him down as a scrub. The professed droll or humourist is one who does not let his wit live on tick. The new joke and its ready payment, the hearty laugh, are almost coexistent; they are like the flash and report of the gun, hardly to be separated by one who is near at hand. Such a person is sure to be well received in society, provided he have good nature as well as fun; and it shall go hard if he want a good post under Government. The young artist may do well who exhibits his own pictures, and can take a hand at whist or part in a quadrille. In short, according to our theory, no one has taken the sure road to prosperity, who confines himself to the simple exercise of a thoughtful and abstracting profession. His art will not be taken into the account of his merit as a companion, which will be settled simply on the foundation of his own address. Ingenuous youth ought, therefore, to be taught quickly to put off the *mauvaise honte*, and to deliver their sentiments. Every gentleman has in England, let him remember, to superadd to his other acquirements that of a speech-maker; it is a fatal necessity to stammerers, and to those who are not over copious in words, but it is doubtless to be conquered. Sayers will always carry the day against doers. Sheridan is a splendid instance of a man always ruined yet never in want, purely by the force of his tongue. He, it is said, had the persuasive eloquence which could conjure the last guinea out of the pocket. A smug man, of few words, with a *plum* in the funds, it may be thought, is better off than one put to the mean shifts of Sherry; perhaps so—but eloquence, we see, is, in some sort riches.—*L. Atlas.*

SPANISH MENDICANT.—As we were making our repast and diverting ourselves with the simple drolle-ry of our squire, a solitary beggar approached us, who had almost the look of a pilgrim. He was evidently very old, with a gray beard, and supported himself on a staff, yet age had not borne him down; he was tall and erect, and had the wreck of a fine form. He wore a round Andalusian hat, a sheepskin jacket, and leathern breeches, gaiters and sandals. His dress, though old and patched, was decent, his demeanour manly, and he addressed us with that grave courtesy that is to be remarked in the lowest Spaniard. We were in a favourable mood for such a visiter, and in a freak of capricious charity gave him some silver, a loaf of fine wheaten bread, and a goblet of our choice wine of Malaga. He received them thankfully, but without any grovelling tribute of gratitude. Tasting the wine, he held it up to the light, with a slight beam of surprise in his eye; then quaffing it off at a draught; "It is many years," said he, "since I have tasted such wine; it is a cordial to an old man's heart." Then looking at the beautiful wheaten loaf: "*Bendita sea tal pan!*" (blessed be such bread.) So saying, he put it in his wallet. We urged him to eat it on the spot. "No, Signora," replied he, "the wine I had to drink, or leave; but the bread I must take home to share with my family."—*Tales of the Alhambra.*

VOLCANOE.—According to Dr. Ure, there were, in 1830, two hundred and five burning volcanoes on the globe. Of these, one hundred and seven occur on islands, and ninety-eight on continents, but ranged mostly along their shores.